

Nothing

Young Jeezy

Man them young niggas killing bout nothing
Show up at the spot with the choppers like nothin
Full fifty shots, clear the block like nothin
If you made it from the bottom to the top like nothing
You don't owe a nigga nothing
Nothing, nothing, nothing...
You don't owe a nigga nothing
Nothing, nothing, nothing...
You don't owe a nigga

Put your cups in the air, I'd like to make a toast
In case it goes down, yeah you know I got my toast
And when you really from the streets that's when they hate you most
And when you really got it then that's when they hate you close
Knew him back in the day when we was gettin money
Now every time I see the nigga he be actin funny
Don't you niggas see it? I'm a little pressed for time
Wanna talk about the past, told 'em press rewind
And I ain't feelin what you sayin ho, you out of place
I have you feeling what I'm sprayin' yeah it's on my waist
I'm trying to chill, smoke a couple with my lady friend
So they can meet me at the telly in the latest Benz

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Nigga you see me getting mine, you better get yours
Are you the one doing the serving or you gettin served?
Or you the one doing the jackin, or you gettin jacked
Or you the one that's goin hard or you fallin' back
And I don't believe in falling back, bitch I'm goin hard
They wanna see me fucked up, man I swear to God
They praying that I fail, they praying that I rise
I guess the hating didn't work so now they tellin lies
Oh he ain't did this, and he ain't did that
Boy keep it real with ya self, you know he lived that
You ain't real, you don't give em what they asking for
Such a real nigga, what the fuck you askin' fo'

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And you don't even know a nigga, what you hating for?

And I ain't going nowhere so what you waiting for?
Beat the street, this rap shit cake and ice cream
Fuck the selling words, bitch I sold ice cream
From the bottom to the top, that's a nice dream
How you make it out young? I had a nice scheme
And I don't owe a nigga shit, better get it right
Just know a nigga stayed down each and every night
Hands on, yeah I broke down my own things
Hands on, yeah I counted up my own chains
Fifties over here, twenties over there
You know the rest, nigga, fives and singles everywhere

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